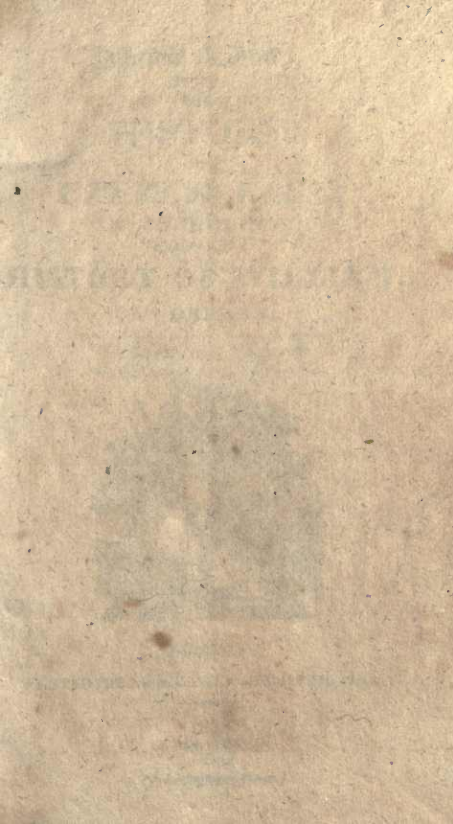


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CHILDREN'S BOOK
COLLECTION



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Juvenile Library.

THE
HISTORY
OF
LITTLE JACK.

A FOUNDLING ;

Together with the

HISTORY OF WILLIAM,

AN ORPHAN,

~~~~~  
*Embellished with Wood Cuts.*  
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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR S. & A. DAVIS, RATCLIFFE HIGHWAY.

1818.

J. Jordon, Printer.

(Price Eighteen-Pence.)

THE

HISTORY

OF

LITTLE JACK.

A FOUNDED

TOGETHER WITH A

HISTORY OF WILLIAM

AN ORPHAN.

By the Author of "The History of Little Jack," &c.
Illustrated with 12 Col. Engrs.
By the same Author.



LONDON:

PRINTED FOR S. A. SMITH, EAST-CHURCH-ROAD.

1812.

LONDON: Printed by J. Smith, in the Strand.

(Price Eight pence.)

THE

HISTORY

OF

LITTLE JACK.



THERE was once a poor lame old man that lived in the midst of a wide uncultivated moor, in the north of England. He had formerly been a soldier, and had almost lost the use of one leg by a wound he had received in battle, when he was fighting against the enemies of his country. This poor man when he found himself thus disabled, built a hut of clay, which he covered with turf dug from the common. He had a little bit of ground which he made a shift to cultivate with his own hands, and which supplied him with potatoes and vegetables. Besides this, he sometimes

stood amazed at the sight, and knew not what to do. "Shall I," said he, "who find it so difficult to live at present, encumber myself with the care of a helpless infant, that will not for many years be capable of contributing to its own subsistence? And yet," added he, softening with pity, "can I deny assistance to a human being still more miserable than myself?—Will not Providence, who feeds the birds of the wood and the beasts of the field, and who has promised to bless all those that are kind and charitable, assist my feeble endeavours?—At least, let me give it food and lodging for this night; for unless I receive it into my cottage, the poor abandoned wretch must perish with cold before the morning." Saying this, he took it up in his arms, and perceived it was a fine healthy boy, though covered with rags; the little foundling too seemed to be sensible of his kindness, and, smiling in his face, stretched out his little arms as if to embrace his benefactor.

When he had brought it into his hut, he began to be extremely embarrassed how to procure it food; but, looking at Nan, he recollected that she had just lost her kid, and saw her udder swelled with milk: he, therefore, called her to him, and, presenting the child to the teat, was overjoyed to find that it sucked as naturally as if it had really found a mother. The goat too seemed to receive pleasure from the efforts of the child, and submitted without opposition to discharge the duties of a nurse. Contented with this experiment, the old man wrapt the child up as warmly as he could, and stretched himself out to rest, with the consciousness of having done a humane action. Early the next morning he was awakened by the cries of the child for food, which, with the assistance of his faithful Nan, he suckled as he had done the night before. And now the old man began to feel an interest in the child, which made him defer some time longer the

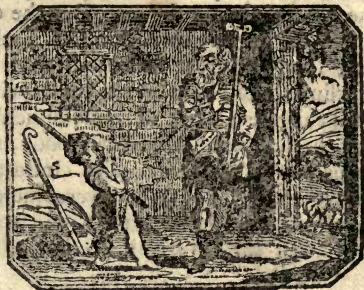
taking measures to be delivered from its care. "Who knows," said he, "but Providence, who has preserved this child in so wonderful a manner, may have destined it to something equally wonderful in its future life, and may bless me as the humble agent of its decrees? At least, as he grows bigger, he will be a pleasure and comfort to me in this lonely cabin, and will assist in cutting turf for fuel, and cultivating the garden." From this time he became more and more attached to the little foundling, who, in a short time, learned to consider the old man as a parent, and delighted him with its innocent caresses. Gentle Nanny, too, the goat, seemed to adopt him with equal tenderness as her offspring: she would stretch herself out upon the ground, while he crawled upon his hands and knees towards her; and when he had satisfied his hunger by sucking, he would nestle between her legs and go to sleep in her bosom.

It was wonderful to see how this child, thus left to nature, increased

in strength and vigour. Unfettered by bandages or restraints, his limbs acquired their due proportions and form; his countenance was full and florid, and gave indications of perfect health; and at an age when other children are scarcely able to support themselves with the assistance of a nurse, this little foundling could run alone. It was true that he sometimes failed in his attempts, and fell to the ground; but the ground was soft, and Little Jack, for so the old man called him, was not tender or delicate; he never minded thumps or bruises, but boldly scrambled up again and pursued his way. In a short time Little Jack was completely master of his legs; and as the summer came on he attended his mamma, the goat, upon the common, and used to play with her for hours together; sometimes rolling under her belly, now climbing upon her back, and frisking about as if he had been really a kid. As to his clothing, Jack was not much incum-.

bered with it ; he had neither shoes, nor stockings, nor shirt ; but the weather was warm, and Jack felt himself so much lighter for every kind of exercise. In a short time after this Jack began to imitate the sounds of his papa the man, and his mama the goat ; nor was it long before he learned to speak articulately. The old man, delighted with this first dawn of reason, used to place him upon his knee, and converse with him for hours together, while his pottage was slowly boiling amid the embers of a turf fire. As he grew bigger, Jack became of considerable use to his father ; he could trust him to look after the gate, and open it during his absence ; and as to the cookery of the family, it was not long before Jack was a complete proficient, and could make broth almost as well as his daddy himself. During the winter nights, the old man used to entertain him with stories of what he had seen during his youth ; the battles and sieges he had been wit-

ness to, and the hardships he had undergone ; all this he related with so much life, that Jack was never tired of listening. But what delighted him beyond measure, was to see daddy shoulder his crutch, instead of a musket, and give the word of command. To the right—to the left—present—fire—march—halt—all this was familiar to Jack's ear as soon as he could speak, and before he was six years old, he poized and presented a broom-stick, which his daddy gave him for that purpose, with as good a grace as any soldier of his age in Europe.



The old man too instructed him in such plain and simple morals and religion as he was able to explain. "Never tell an untruth, Jack," said he, "even though you were to be flayed alive ; a soldier ought never to tell a lie. Never blaspheme the name of your Maker ; never injure your neighbour, either by abusing his character, defrauding him of his property, or doing any harm to his person. In short, love and fear God ; love your neighbour as yourself ; and honour the King."

Jack held up his head, marched across the floor, and promised his daddy that he would always do so. But the old man, as he was something of a scholar, had a great ambition that his darling should learn to read and write ; and this was a work of some difficulty, for he had neither printed book, nor pens, nor paper in his cabin. Industry, however, enables us to overcome difficulties ; in the summer time, as the old man sat before his cottage, he

would draw letters in the sand, and teach Jack to name them singly, until he was acquainted with the whole alphabet. He then proceeded to syllables, and after that to words: all which his little pupil learned to pronounce with great facility: and, as he had a strong propensity to imitate what he saw, he not only acquired the power of reading words, but of tracing all the letters which composed them on the sand.

When the old man found Jack so ready in learning what was proposed to him, he did not stop here, but carried his instructions further. He covered a smooth board with a thin coat of loose fine sand in an even manner; so that letters might be easily formed upon it by the finger, but still more so, and with greater exactness, with the end of a sharp-pointed stick. Upon this Jack soon learned to write; for, as he was very eager to improve, as soon as he had covered the board with letters, he smoothed the sand and

began again. The old man, wishing to teach his young scholar as much as he could, looked about through the common and the fields for a slate; and was at last so fortunate as to find one. This he carefully rubbed until it became quite smooth, and then made a slate pencil of a piece which he had broken off. When the slate was finished he began to teach Jack how to write more neatly and to make figures; and it was surprising how quickly the poor little fellow learned. As the old man knew but little of accounts he was not able to give much assistance in them, but the little he did know he soon taught Jack. Thus without books or paper, which the poor old soldier could not buy, Jack was enabled to read, write, and do some little matter in accounts. Indeed it is quite wonderful how persons overlook the means which are in their power. We have just seen how the old man made a smooth board covered with sand, and then a slate which he

had found lying upon the highway, answer all the purposes which expensive books and papers could.

About this time, the poor goat, which had nursed Jack so faithfully, grew ill and died. He tended her with the greatest affection and assiduity during her illness, brought her the freshest herbs for food, and would frequently support her head for hours together upon his little bosom. But it was all in vain; he lost his poor mammy, as he used to call her, and was for some time inconsolable; for Jack, though his knowledge was bounded, had an uncommon degree of gratitude and affection in his temper. He was not able to talk as finely about love, tenderness, and sensibility, as many other little boys that have enjoyed greater advantages of education; but he felt the reality of them in his heart, and thought it so natural to love every thing that loves us, that he never even suspected it was possible to do otherwise. The poor goat was

buried in the old man's garden, and thither Little Jack would often come and call upon his poor mammy Nan, and ask her why she had left him? One day, as he was thus employed, a lady happened to come by in a carriage, and overheard him before he was aware. Jack ran in an instant to open the gate; but the lady stopped, and asked him who he was bemoaning so pitifully, and calling upon. Jack answered that it was his poor mammy, that was buried in the garden. The lady thought it very odd to hear of such a burial place, and therefore proceeded to question him. "How did your mammy get her living?" said she. "She used to graze here upon the common all day long," said Jack. The lady was still more astonished; but the old man came out of his hut, and explained the whole affair to her, which surprised her very much; for though this lady had seen a great deal of the world, and had read a variety of

books, it had never once entered into her head that a child might grow strong and vigorous by sucking a goat instead of eating pap. She therefore looked at Jack with amazement, admired his brown but animated face, and praised his shape and activity. "Will you go with me, little boy," said she, "and I will take care of you if you behave well."—"No," said Jack, "I must stay with my daddy; he has taken care of me for many years, and now I must take care of him; otherwise I should like very well to go with such a sweet, good-natured lady." The lady was not displeased with Jack's answer, and putting her hand in her pocket, gave him half a crown, to buy him shoes and stockings, and pursued her journey.

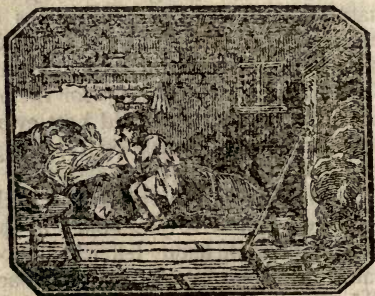
Jack was not unacquainted with the use of money, as he had often been sent to the next village to purchase bread and necessaries; but he was totally unacquainted with the use of

shoes or stockings, which he had never worn in his life, or felt the want of. The next day, however, the old man bade him run to town and lay his money out as the lady had desired; for he had too much honour to think of disobeying her commands, or suffering it to be expended for any other purpose. It was not long before Jack returned; but the old man was much surprised to see him come back as bare as he went out. "Hey, " Jack!" said he, "where are the shoes " and stockings which you were to pur- " chase?"—"Daddy," answered Jack, " I went to the shop, and just tried a " pair for sport, but I thought with " myself how unfair it would be that " I should lay out all the money up- " on my own wants, without tak- " ing any care of yours; now you " know, that, your old jacket is al- " most worn out, and that you very " much want another; so I laid my " money out in a warm new jacket for " you, because the winter is coming

“ on, and you seem to be more afraid
“ of the cold than formerly.” Many
such instances of conduct did Jack
display ; from which it was easy to
perceive, that he had a generous
temper. One failing, indeed, Jack
was liable to ; though a very good-
natured boy, he was too jealous of
his honour. His daddy had taught
him the use of his hands and legs, and
Jack had such dispositions for the art
of boxing, that he could beat every
boy in the neighbourhood of his age
and size.

In this manner lived Little Jack,
until he was twelve years old ; at this
time his poor old daddy fell sick, and be-
came incapable of moving about. Jack
did every thing he could think of for
the poor man ; he made his broths,
he fed him with his own hands, he
watched whole nights by his bed side,
supporting his head, and helping him
when he wanted to move. But it
was all in vain ; his poor daddy grew
daily worse, and perceived it to be
impossible that he should recover.

He one day therefore called Little Jack to his bedside, and pressing his hand affectionately, told him that he was just going to die. Little Jack burst into a flood of tears at this information ; but his daddy desired him to compose himself, and attend to the



last advice he should be able to give him. “ I have lived,” said the old man, “ a great many years in poverty, “ but I do not know that I have been “ worse off than if I had been rich ; “ I have avoided perhaps many faults “ and many uneasinesses, which I

“ should have incurred had I been in
 “ another situation ; and though I
 “ have often wanted a meal, and
 “ always fared hard, I have enjoyed
 “ as much health and life as usually
 “ fall to the lot of my betters. I am
 “ now going to die ; I feel it in every
 “ part ; the breath will soon be out
 “ of my body ; then I shall be put
 “ in the ground, and the worms will
 “ eat your poor old daddy.” At this
 Jack renewed his tears and sobbings,
 for he was unable to restrain them.
 But the old man said, “ Have patience,
 “ my child ; though I should leave
 “ this world, I humbly hope that God
 “ will pity me, and convey me to a
 “ better place, where I shall be hap-
 “ pier than I have ever been here.
 “ This is what I have always taught
 “ you, and this belief gives me the
 “ greatest comfort in my last mo-
 “ ments. The only regret I feel is
 “ for you, my dearest child, whom
 “ I leave unprovided for. But you
 “ are strong and vigorous, and almost
 “ able to get your living. As soon as

“ I am dead, you must go to the next
 “ village, and inform the people that
 “ they may come and bury me. You
 “ must then endeavour to get into
 “ service, and work for your living ;
 “ and if you are strictly honest and
 “ sober, I do not doubt but you will
 “ find a livelihood, and that God,
 “ who is the common father of all,
 “ if you serve and love him truly,
 “ will protect and bless you.—Adieu,
 “ my child, I grow fainter and fainter ;
 “ never forget your poor old daddy,
 “ nor the example he has set you ;
 “ but in every situation of life, dis-
 “ charge your duty, and live like a sol-
 “ dier and a christian.” When the old
 man had with difficulty uttered these
 last instructions, his voice entirely failed
 him, his limbs grew cold and stiff,
 and in a few minutes he expired
 without a groan. Little Jack, who
 hung crying over his daddy, called
 upon him in vain, in vain endeavour-
 ed to revive him. At length he
 pulled off his clothes, went into his
 daddy’s bed, and endeavoured for

many hours to animate him with the warmth of his own body ; but finding all his endeavours fruitless, he concluded that he was indeed dead, and therefore, weeping bitterly, he drest himself and went to the village as he had been ordered.

The poor little boy was thus left entirely destitute, and knew not what to do ; but one of the farmers, who had been acquainted with him before, offered to take him into his house, and give him his victuals for a few months, till he could find a service. Jack thankfully accepted the offer, and served him faithfully for several months ; during which time he learnt to milk, to drive the plough, and never refused any kind of work he was able to perform. But by ill luck, this good-natured farmer contracted a fever, by overheating himself in the harvest, and died in the beginning of winter. His wife was therefore obliged to discharge her servants, and Jack was again turned loose upon the world, with only his clothes, and a

shilling in his pocket, which his kind mistress had made him a present of. He was very sorry for the loss of his master ; but he was now grown bigger and stronger, and thought he should easily find employment. He therefore set out upon his travels, walking all day, and inquiring at every farm-house for work, But in this attempt he was unfortunate, for nobody chose to employ a stranger ; and though he lived with the greatest economy, he soon found himself in a worse situation than ever, without a farthing in his pocket, or a morsel of bread to eat. Jack, however, was not of a temper to be easily cast down ; he walked resolutely on all day, but towards evening was overtaken by a violent storm of rain which wetted him to the skin before he could find a bush for shelter. Now poor Jack began to think of his old daddy, and the comforts he had formerly enjoyed upon the common, where he had always a roof to shelter him, and a slice of bread for supper. But tears and lamentations

were vain ; and therefore as soon as the storm was over, he pursued his journey, in hopes of finding some barn or out-house to creep into for the rest of the night. While he was thus wandering about, he saw at some distance a great light, which seemed to come from some prodigious fire. Jack did not know what this could be ; but, in his present situation, he thought a fire no disagreeable object, and therefore determined to approach it. When he came nearer, he saw a large building which seemed to spout



fire and smoke at several openings, and heard an incessant noise of blows, and the rattling of chains. Jack was at first a little frightened, but, summoning all his courage, he crept cautiously on to the building, and, looking through a chink, discovered several men and boys employed in blowing fires, and hammering burning masses of iron. This was a very comfortable sight to him in his present forlorn condition; so finding a door half open, he ventured in, and placed himself as near as he dared to one of the flaming furnaces. It was not long before he was discovered by one of the workmen, who asked him, roughly, what business he had there? Jack answered, with great humility, that he was a poor boy looking out for work; that he had no food all day, and was wet with the rain, which was evident enough from the appearance of his clothes. By great good luck, the man he spoke to was good-natured, and therefore not only permitted him to

stay by the fire, but gave him some broken victuals for his supper. After this, he laid himself down in a corner, and slept without disturbance till morning. He was scarcely awake the next day, when the master of the forge came in to overlook his men, who finding Jack, and hearing his story, began to reproach him as very lazy, and asked him why he did not work for his living. Jack assured him there was nothing he so earnestly desired, and that if he would please to employ him, there was nothing that he would not do to earn a subsistence. "Well, my boy," said the master, "if this is true, you shall soon be tried; nobody need be idle here;" so calling his foreman, he ordered him to set that lad to work, and pay him in proportion to his labour, Jack now thought himself completely happy, and worked with so much assiduity, that he soon gained a comfortable livelihood, and acquired the esteem of his master.

But unfortunately, he was a little too unreserved in his conversation, and communicated the story of his former life and education. This was great matter of diversion to all the other boys of the forge, who, whenever they were inclined to be merry, would call him Little Jack the beggar-boy, and imitate the baaing of a goat. This was too much for his warm temper, and he never failed to resent it; by which means he was engaged in continual quarrels and combats, to the great disturbance of the house; so that his master, though in other respects perfectly satisfied with his behaviour, began to fear that he should at last be obliged to discharge him.

It happened one day that a large company of gentleman and ladies were introduced to see the works. The master attended them, and explained, with great politeness, every part of his manufacture. They viewed with astonishment the different



methods by which that useful and necessary ore of iron is rendered fit for human use. They examined the furnaces where it is melted down, to disengage it from the dross with which it is mixed in the bowels of the earth, and whence it runs down in liquid torrents like fire. They beheld with equal pleasure the prodigious hammers which, moved by the force of water, mould it into massy bars for the service of man. While they were busy in examining these different processes, they were alarmed by a sudden noise

of discord which broke out on the other side of the building ; and the master inquiring into the cause, was told, that it was only Little Jack, who was fighting with Tom the collier. At this the master cried out in a passion, “ There is no peace to be “ expected in the furnace while that “ boy is employed ; send him to me, “ and I will instantly discharge him.” At this moment Jack appeared, all covered with blood and dirt, and stood before his angry judge in a modest but resolute posture. “ Is “ this the reward,” said his master, “ you little audacious fellow, for all “ my kindness ? Can you never “ refrain a single instant from broils “ and fighting ? But I am determined “ to bear it no longer ; and therefore “ you shall never, from this hour, “ do a single stroke of work for “ me.”—Sir,” replied Jack, with great humility, but yet with firmness, “ I am extremely sorry to have dis- “ obliged you, nor have I ever done

“ it willingly, since I have been here ;
“ and if the other boys would only
“ mind their business as well as I do.
“ and not molest me, you would not
“ have been offended now ; for I
“ defy them all to say, that since I
“ have been in the house, I have ever
“ given any one the least provocation,
“ or ever refused, to the utmost of
“ my strength, to do whatever I have
“ been ordered.”—“ That’s quite
“ true,” said the foreman ; “ I must
“ do Little Jack the justice to say,
“ that there is not a more honest,
“ sober, and industrious lad about
“ the place. Set him to what you
“ will, he never sculks, never grum-
“ bles, never slights his work ; and
“ if it were not for a little passion
“ and fighting, I don’t believe there
“ would be his fellow in England.”—
“ Well,” said the master, a little molli-
fied, “ but what is the cause of all
“ this sudden disturbance ? ”—“ Sir,”
answered Jack, “ it is Tom that has
“ been abusing me, and telling me

" that my father was a beggar-man,
 " and my mother a nanny-goat; and,
 " when I desired him to be quiet, he
 " went baaing all about the house;
 " and this I could not bear; for, as to
 " my father, he was an honest soldier,
 " and if I did suck a goat, she was
 " the best creature in the world;
 " and I won't hear her abused while
 " I have any strength in my body."

At this harangue, the whole audience
 were scarcely able to refrain from
 laughing; and the master, with more
 composure, told Jack to mind his
 business, and threatened the other boys
 with punishment if they disturbed him.

But a lady who was in company
 seemed particularly interested about
 Little Jack, and when she had heard
 his story, said, " This must certainly
 " be the little boy who opened a gate
 " several years past for me upon Nor-
 " cot Moor. I remember being struck
 " with his appearance, and hearing
 " him lament the loss of the goat that
 " nursed him. I was very much

“ affected then with his history,
 “ and since he deserves so good a
 “ character, if you will part with
 “ him, I will instantly take him into
 “ my service.” The master replied,
 that he should part with him with
 great satisfaction to such an excellent
 mistress ; that, indeed, the boy de-
 served all the commendations which
 had been given ; but since the other
 lads had such a habit of plaguing, and
 Jack was of so impatient a temper, he
 despaired of ever composing their
 animosities. Jack was then called,
 and informed of the lady’s offer,
 which he instantly accepted with the
 greatest readiness, and received im-
 mediate directions to her house.

When the lady came home she in-
 quired concerning Jack, and found
 that he had arrived some time before
 her. She sent for him into the par-
 lour, and kindly entered into conver-
 sation with him concerning his situa-
 tion since she had first seen him upon
 the common. She was greatly pleased

by the feeling manner in which he described the last moments of the old Soldier ; she saw very clearly that the poor boy had an excellent disposition, a warm heart, and that what he had most to dread was his hastiness of temper. She, therefore, gently, yet very forcibly, laid before him the evils which follow from a quarrelsome habit ; how all persons come at last to dread the company of one who is apt to fall into disputes. She told him how people are always inclined to think him in the wrong against whom complaints are most frequently made, although perhaps he may have been on the right side in every instance. She pointed out to him how willing his master was to part with him ; not because he was wrong in his disputes, but because he was in so many of them. “ A quarrelsome boy,” said she, “ is a nuisance in a family ; there “ is no peace where he is, and every “ thing is kept in constant confusion “ and ill blood. You know, Jack,

“ that it is your duty, as a christian,
 “ to forgive others their trespasses
 “ against you ; if then you fight upon
 “ every occasion, on which you may
 “ have suffered even real injury, you
 “ disobey your blessed Saviour by
 “ violating one of his precepts. If
 “ any of your fellow-servants should
 “ do you any harm, forgive it accord-
 “ ing to the command of our Lord ;
 “ if it should be often repeated, or
 “ be of a very heinous nature, come
 “ to me, and I shall see justice done
 “ between you and him. You know
 “ you cannot be a good judge in your
 “ own case, especially when your mind
 “ is filled with anger ; therefore, I
 “ forbid you to take the matter
 “ into your own hands ; you must not
 “ cause noise and riot in the family
 “ by coming to blows, even where
 “ the insult you may receive has been
 “ most unprovoked.” Jack made
 faithful promises of amendment ; as
 indeed he might very sincerely do,
 for except when he was hurried away

for the moment, he was ever ready to confess his failing.

Jack was now in a new sphere of life. His face was washed, his hair combed, he was clothed afresh, and appeared a very smart active lad. His business was, to help in the stable, to water the horses, to clean shoes, to perform errands, and to do all the jobs of the family ; and in the discharge of these services, he soon gave universal satisfaction. He was indefatigable in doing what he was ordered, never grumbled, or appeared out of temper, and seemed so quiet and inoffensive in his manners, that every body wondered how he had acquired the character of being quarrelsome. In a short time he became both the favourite and the drudge of the whole family ; for, speak but kindly to him, and call him a little soldier, and Jack was at every one's disposal. This was Jack's particular foible and vanity : at his leisure hours he would divert himself by the hour together, in poizing a dung-fork,

charging with a broom-stick, and standing sentry at the stable door. Another propensity of Jack's which now discovered itself, was an immoderate love of horses. The instant he was introduced into the stable, he attached himself so strongly to these animals, that you would have taken him for one of the same species, or at least a near relation. Jack was never tired with rubbing them down and currying them; the coachman had scarcely any business but to sit on the box; all the operations of the stable were entrusted to Little Jack, nor was it ever known that he neglected a single particular. But what gave him more pleasure than all the rest, was sometimes to accompany his mistress upon a little horse, which he managed with great dexterity.

Jack too discovered a great disposition for all the useful and mechanic arts. He had served an apprenticeship already to the manufacture

of iron, and of this he was almost as vain as being a soldier. As he began to extend his knowledge of the world, he saw that nothing could be done without iron. “How would you
 “plough the ground,” said Jack;
 “how would you dig your garden;
 “how would you even light a fire,
 “dress a dinner, shoe a horse, or
 “do the least thing in the world, if
 “we workmen at the forge did not
 “take the trouble of preparing it for
 “you?” Thus Jack would sometimes talk upon the dignity and importance of his own profession, to the great admiration of all the other servants.

These ideas naturally gave Jack a great esteem for the profession of a blacksmith, and in his occasional visits to the forge with the horses, he learnt to make and fix a shoe as neatly as any artist in the country.

Nor were Jack's talents confined to the manufacture of iron; his love of horses was so great, and his interest in every thing that related to them,

that it was not long before he acquired a very competent knowledge in the art of sadlery.

Jack would also sometimes observe the carpenters when they were met at work, and sometimes by stealth attempt the management of their tools ; in which he succeeded as well as in every thing else ; so that he was looked upon by every body as a very active, ingenious boy.

There was in the family where he now lived a young gentleman, the nephew of his mistress, who had lost his parents, and was therefore brought up by his aunt. As Master Willets was something younger than Jack, and a very good-natured boy, he soon began to take notice of him, and be much diverted with his company. Jack, indeed, was not undeserving this attention ; for although he could not boast any great advantages of education, his conduct was entirely free from all the vices to which some of the lower class of people are subject.

Jack was never heard to swear, or express himself with any indecency. He was civil and respectful in his manners to all his superiors, and uniformly good-natured to his equals. In respect to the animals entrusted to his care, he not only refrained from using them ill, but was never tired with doing them good offices. Added to this, he was sober, temperate, hardy, active, and ingenious, and despised a lie as much as any of his betters. Master Willets now began to be much pleased with playing at cricket and trap-ball with Jack, who excelled at both these games. Master Willets had a little horse which Jack looked after; and, not contented with looking after him in the best manner, he used to ride him at his leisure hours with so much care and address, that in a short time he made him the most gentle and docile little animal in the country. Jack had acquired this knowledge, partly from his own experience, and partly from paying par-

ticular attention to a travelling riding-master that had lately exhibited various feats in that neighbourhood. Jack attended him so closely, and made so good an use of his time, that he learned to imitate almost every thing he saw, and used to divert the servants and his young master with acting the taylor's riding to Brentford.



The young gentleman had a master who used to come three times a week to teach him accounts, and writing, and geography. Jack used to be some-

times in the room while the lessons were given, and listened according to custom with so much attention to all that passed, that he received very considerable advantage for his own improvement. He had now a little money, and he laid some of it out to purchase pens, and paper, and a slate, with which at night he used to imitate every thing he had heard and seen in the day; and his little master, who began to love him very sincerely, when he saw him so desirous of improvement, contrived, under one pretence or another, to have him generally in the room while he was receiving instruction himself.

In this manner Jack went on for some years, leading a life very agreeable to himself, and discharging his duty very much to the satisfaction of his mistress. An unlucky accident at length happened to interrupt his tranquillity. A young gentleman came down to visit Master Willets, who having been educated in France,

and among genteel people in London, had a very great taste for finery, and a supreme contempt for all the vulgar. His dress too was a little particular, as well as his manners, for he spent half his time in adjusting his head; he wore a high, well stiffened cravat, which kept his head and neck in one position, as if he were in the pillory. His pantaloons were of the cossack fashion, wide enough to admit his body, and puckered from top to bottom; while his hessian boots were in the highest style, and polished in the most accurate manner. He usually carried several snuff-boxes; some of which might indeed be called snuff-chests, for they were too large to enter any but his coat pockets; and he ornamented many of his fingers with ponderous gold rings. Thus affectedly dressed out, he would sometimes strut about before a looking-glass for an hour together. This young man had a supreme contempt for all the vulgar, which he did not

attempt to conceal ; and when he had heard the story of Jack's birth and education, he could scarcely bear to be in the same room with him. Jack soon perceived the aversion which the stranger entertained for him, and at first endeavoured to remove it, by every civility in his power ; but when he found that he gained nothing by all his humility, his temper, naturally haughty, took fire, and, as far as he dared, he plainly shewed all the resentment he felt.

It happened one day, after Jack had received some very mortifying usage from this young gentleman, that as he was walking along the road, he met with a show-man, who was returning from a neighbouring fair with some wild beasts in a cart. Among the rest was a middle-sized monkey, who was not under cover like the rest, and played so many antic tricks, and made so many grimaces, as engaged all Jack's attention, and delighted him very much ; for

he always had a propensity for every species of drollery. After a variety of questions and conversation, the showman, who probably wanted to get rid of his monkey, proposed to Jack to purchase him for half a crown. Jack could not resist the temptation of being master of such a droll diverting animal, and therefore agreed to the bargain. But when he was left alone with his purchase, which he led along by a chain, he soon began to repent his haste, and knew not how to dispose of him. As there was, however, no remedy, Jack brought him carefully home, and confined him safe in an out-house, which was not applied to any use. In this situation he kept him several days, without accident, and frequently visited him at his leisure hours, with apples, nuts, and such other presents as he could procure. Among the other tricks which the monkey had been taught to perform, he would rise upon his hind legs

at the word of command, and bow with the greatest politeness to the company. Jack, who had found out these accomplishments in his friend, could not resist the impulse of making them serve the purposes of his resentment. He, therefore, one day dressed out his monkey in the most laughable manner; he tied a piece of stiff pasteboard about his neck; put upon him a pair of loose canvas bags, as trowsers; and covered the lower parts of his legs and his feet with oil and lampblack, in imitation of boots. Jack then put into his hands a huge tobacco-box, which he taught him to use as a snuff-box; and stuck upon his fingers several curtain-rings; and, thus accoutred, led him about with infinite satisfaction, calling him Sir, and jabbering such broken French as he had picked up from the conversation of the visitor. It happened very unluckily, at this very instant, that the young gentleman himself passed by, and instantly saw at one

glance the intended copy of himself, and all the malice of little Jack, who was leading him along, and calling to him to hold up his head, and look like a person of fashion. Rage instantly took possession of his mind; he seized a stone which lay near at hand, knocked the poor monkey upon the head, and laid him dead upon the ground. What more he might have done, is uncertain; for Jack, who was not of a temper to see calmly such an outrage committed upon an animal which he considered as his friend, flew upon him like a fury. The young gentleman received a fall in the scuffle, which, though it did him no material damage, daubed all his clothes, and totally spoiled the whole arrangement of his dress. At this instant the lady herself, who had heard the noise, came down, and the violence of poor Jack was too apparent to be excused. Jack, indeed, was submissive to his mistress, whom he was very sorry to have

offended ; but when he was ordered to make concessions to the young gentleman, as the only conditions upon which he could be kept in the family, he absolutely refused. He owned, indeed, that he was much to blame for resenting the provocation he had received, and endeavouring to make his mistress's company ridiculous ; but as to what he had done in defence of his friend the monkey, there were no possible arguments which could convince him he was in the least to blame ; nor would he have made submission to the king himself. This unfortunate obstinacy of Jack's was the occasion of his being discharged, very much to the regret of the lady herself, and still more to that of Master Willets. Jack therefore packed up his clothes in a little bundle, shook all his fellow-servants by the hand, took an affectionate leave of his kind master, and once more sallied out upon his travels.



Thus Jack, by indulging the rashness of his temper, which he had promised to correct, deprived himself of a valuable service. His conduct in the whole of the affair was wrong; in the first place, he had not any right to turn another person into ridicule; and, in the next, when he had thus given the first insult, he ought not to have been so violent in taking satisfaction for the death of his monkey. But he was still farther to blame for the obstinate manner in which he resisted the request of his mistress.

to make some apology : he ought to have remembered that she had been for a long time his kind friend, and that he was bound to do much more at her desire than make an apology for an action in which he was wrong. Such is however the case with rash hot-headed people ; they allow their passion to blind their understanding ; but they almost always suffer, as Jack did in this case, for their misconduct.

He had not walked far before he came to a town, where a party of soldiers were beating up for volunteers. Jack mingled with the crowd that surrounded the recruiting serjeant, and listened with great pleasure to the sound of the fifes and drums ; nor could he help mechanically holding up his head, and stepping forward with an air that shewed the trade was not entirely new to him. The serjeant soon took notice of these gestures, and seeing him a strong likely lad, came up to him, clapped him



on the back, and asked him if he would enlist. “ You are a brave boy,” said he, “ I can see in your looks—come along with us, and I don’t doubt but in a few weeks you’ll be as complete a soldier as those who have been in the army for years.” Jack made no answer to this but by instantly poizing his stick, cocking his hat fiercely, and going through the whole manual exercise. “ Prodigious, indeed !” cried the serjeant ; “ I see you have been in the army already, and can

“eat fire as well as any of us. But
 “come with us, my brave lad, you
 “shall live well, have little to do,
 “but now and then fight for your
 “king and country, as every gentle-
 “man ought; and in a short time,
 “I don’t doubt but I shall see
 “you a captain, or some great man,
 “rolling in wealth, which you have
 “got out of the spoils of your
 “enemies.”—“Well,” said Jack, “as I
 “am at present out of employment,
 “and have a great respect for the
 “character of a gentleman soldier, I
 “will enlist directly in your regi-
 “ment.”—“A brave fellow, indeed,”
 said the serjeant; “here, my boy,
 “here is your money and your cock-
 “ade;” both which he directly pre-
 sented, and thus in a moment Little
 Jack became a soldier.

He had scarcely time to feel himself
 easy in his new accoutrements, before
 he was embarked for India in the cha-
 racter of a marine. This kind of life
 was entirely new to Jack; however,

his usual activity and spirit of observation did not desert him here, and he had not been embarked many weeks, before he was perfectly acquainted with all the duty of a sailor, and in that respect equal to most on board. It happened that the ship in which he sailed touched at the Corno Islands, in order to take in wood and water; these are some little islands near the coast of Africa, inhabited by blacks. Jack often went on shore with the officers, attending them on their shooting parties to carry their powder and shot, and the game they killed. All this country consists of very lofty hills, covered with trees and shrubs of various kinds, which never lose their leaves, from the perpetual warmth of the climate. Through these it is frequently difficult to force a way, and the hills themselves abound in precipices. It happened that one of the officers, whom Jack was attending upon a shooting party, took aim at some great bird,

and brought it down; but as it fell into a deep valley, over some rocks which it was impossible to descend, they despaired of gaining their prey. Jack immediately, with officious haste, set off, and ran down the more level side of the hill, thinking to make a circuit, and reach the valley into which the bird had fallen. He set off, therefore; but as he was totally ignorant of the country, he, in a short time, buried himself so deep in the wood, which grew continually thicker, that he knew not which way to proceed. He then thought it most prudent to return; but this he found as difficult to effect as the other. He therefore wandered about the woods with inconceivable difficulty all day, but could never find his company, nor even reach the shore, or obtain the prospect of the sea. At length the night approached, and Jack, who perceived it to be impossible to do that in the dark, which he had not been able to effect in the light, lay

down under a rock, and composed himself to rest as well as he was able. The next day he arose with the light, and once more attempted to regain the shore; but unfortunately he had totally lost all idea of the direction he ought to pursue, and saw nothing around him but the dismal prospect of woods, and hills, and precipices, without a guide or path. Jack now began to be very hungry; but as he had a fowling-piece with him, and powder and shot, he soon procured himself a dinner; and kindling a fire with some dry leaves and sticks, he roasted his game upon the embers, and dined as comfortably as he could be expected to do in so forlorn a situation. Finding himself much refreshed, he pursued his journey, but with as little success as ever. On the third day he, indeed, came in sight of the sea, but found that he was quite on a different side of the island from that where he had left the ship, and that neither ship nor

boat was to be seen. Jack now lost all hopes of rejoining his comrades, for he knew the ship was to sail at farthest upon the third day, and would not wait for him. He, therefore, sat down very pensively upon a rock, and cast his eyes upon the vast extent of ocean which was stretched out before him. He found himself now abandoned upon a strange country, without a single friend, acquaintance, or even any one who spoke the same language. He at first thought of seeking out the natives, and making known to them his deplorable state; but he began to fear the reception he might meet with among them. They might not be pleased, he thought, with his company, and might take the liberty of treating him as the white men generally treat the blacks when they get them into their possession; that is, make him work hard with very little victuals, and knock him on the head if he attempted to run

away. “ And therefore,” says Jack, as he was meditating all alone, “ it may, perhaps, be better for me to stay quiet where I am. It is true, indeed, I shall not have much company to talk to; but then I shall have nobody to quarrel with me, or baa, or laugh at my poor daddy and mammy. Neither do I at present see how I shall get a livelihood, when my powder and shot are all expended; but, however, I shall hardly be starved, for I saw several kinds of fruit in the woods, and some roots which look very much like carrots. As to clothes, when mine wear out, I shall not much want new ones, for the weather is charmingly warm; and therefore, all things considered, I don’t see why I should not be as happy here as in any other place.”—When Jack had finished his speech, he set himself to finding a lodging for the night. He had not examined far before he found a dry cavern in a rock, which he

thought would prove a very comfortable residence. He therefore went to work with a hatchet he had with him, and cut some boughs of trees, which he spread upon the floor, and over those a long silky kind of grass, which he found in plenty near the place, to make himself a bed. His next care was, how to secure himself in case of any attack; for he did not know whether the island contained any wild beasts or not. He therefore cut down several branches of trees, and wove them into a kind of wicker-work, as he had seen the men do hurdles when he lived with the farmer: with this contrivance he found he could very securely barricade the entrance of his cave. And now, as the evening was again approaching, he began to feel himself hungry, and seeking along the sea-shore, he found some shell-fish, which supplied him with a plentiful meal. The next day Jack arose, a little melancholy indeed, but with a

resolution to struggle manfully with the difficulties of his situation. He walked into the woods, and saw several kinds of fruit and berries, some of which he ventured to eat, as the birds had picked them, and found the taste agreeable. He also dug up several species of roots, but feared to taste them, lest they should be poisonous. At length he selected one that very much resembled a potatoe, and determined to roast it in the embers, and taste a very small bit. "It can hardly," thought Jack, "do me much hurt, in so very small a quantity; and if that agrees with me, I will increase the dose." The root was fortunately extremely wholesome and nutritive, so that Jack was in a very short time tolerably secure against the danger of wanting food. In this manner did Jack lead a kind of savage, but tolerably contented life for several months; during which time he enjoyed perfect health, and was never discovered by any of the

natives. He used several times a day to visit the shore, in hopes that some ship might pass that way, and deliver him from his solitary imprisonment. This, at length, happened, by the boat of an English ship, that was sailing to India, happening to touch upon the coast; Jack instantly hailed



the crew, and the officer, upon hearing the story, agreed to receive him; the captain too, when he found that Jack was by no means a contemptible sailor, very willingly gave him his passage,

and promised him a gratuity besides, if he behaved well.

Jack arrived in India without any accident, and relating his story, was permitted to serve in another regiment, as his own was no longer there. He soon distinguished himself by his courage and good behaviour on several occasions, and, before long was advanced to the rank of a serjeant. In this capacity he was ordered out upon an expedition into the remote parts of the country. The little army in which he served now marched on for several weeks, through a burning climate, and in want of all the necessaries of life. At length they entered upon some extensive plains, which bordered upon the celebrated country of the Tartars. Jack was perfectly well acquainted with the history of this people, and their method of fighting. He knew them to be some of the best horsemen in the world; indefatigable in their attacks, though often repulsed, returning to the charge,

and not to be invaded with impunity; he therefore took the liberty of observing to some of the officers, that nothing could be more dangerous than their rashly engaging themselves in those extensive plains, where they were every moment exposed to the attacks of cavalry, without any successful method of defence, or place of retreat, in case of any misfortune. These remonstrances were not much attended to; and after a few hours farther march, they were alarmed by the approach of a considerable body of Tartar horsemen. They, however, drew up with all the order they were able, and firing several successive vollies, endeavoured to keep the enemy at a distance. But the Tartars had no design of doing that with a considerable loss, which they were sure of doing with ease and safety. Instead therefore of charging the Europeans, they contented themselves with giving continual alarms, and menacing them

on every side, without exposing themselves to any considerable danger. The army now attempted to retreat, hoping that they should be able to arrive at the neighbouring mountains, where they would be safe from the incursions of the horse. But in this attempt they were equally disappointed; for another body of enemies appeared on that side, and blocked their passage. The Europeans now found they were surrounded on all sides, and that resistance was vain. The commanding officer, therefore, judged it expedient to try what could be effected by negociation, and sent one of his officers, who understood something of the Tartar language, to treat with the general of the enemies. The Tartar chief received the Europeans with great civility, and after having gently reproached them with their ambition, in coming so far to invade a people who had never injured them, he consented upon very moderate

conditions to their enlargement. But he insisted upon having their arms delivered up, except a very few which he permitted them to keep for defence in their return, and upon retaining a certain number of Europeans as hostages for the performance of the stipulated articles. Among those who were thus left with the Tartars, Jack happened to be included; and while all the rest seemed inconsolable at being thus made prisoners by a barbarous nation, he alone, accustomed to all the vicissitudes of life, retained his cheerfulness, and prepared to meet every reverse of fortune with his usual firmness.

Jack was enabled thus to support his spirits with fortitude by the recollection of the old Soldier's last advice, "to act on all occasions as became a soldier and a Christian." He felt a full reliance upon the goodness of Providence; he knew that God was infinitely wiser, and better acquainted with what was befitting

each individual than he could be himself. He looked back to the manner in which he had been supported in the solitary island, and remembered the mercy of God in freeing him from thence. He, therefore, strengthened his mind by prayer for the future, and by thanksgiving for the protection he had hitherto enjoyed.

The Tartars, among whom Jack was now to reside, constitute several different tribes or nations, which inhabit an immense extent of country, both in Europe and Asia. Their country is in general open and uncultivated, without cities or towns, such as we see in these countries. The inhabitants themselves are a bold and hardy race of men, that live in small tents, and change their place of abode with the different seasons of the year. All their property consists in herds of cattle, which they drive along with them from place to place, and upon whose milk and flesh they subsist. They are particularly fond of horses,

of which they have a small but excellent breed, hardy and indefatigable for the purposes of war; and they excel in the management of them, beyond what is easy to conceive. Immense herds of these animals wander loose about the deserts, but marked with the particular mark of the person or tribe to which they belong. When they want any of these animals for use, a certain number of their young men jump upon their horses with nothing but a halter to guide them, each carrying in his hand a pole, with a noose of cord at the end. When they come in sight of the herd, they pursue the horse they wish to take at full speed, come up with him in spite of his swiftness, and never fail to throw the noose about his neck as he runs. They are frequently known to jump upon young horses that have passed their whole life in the desert, and, with only a girth around the animal's body to hold by, maintain their seat, in spite of all his violent

exertions, until they have wearied him out, and reduced him to perfect obedience. Such was the nation with whom the lot of Jack was now to reside, nor was he long before he had an opportunity of shewing his talents.

It happened that a favourite horse of the chief was taken with a violent fever, and seemed to be in immediate danger of death. The Khan, for so he is called among the Tartars, seeing his horse grow hourly worse, at length applied to the Europeans to know if they could suggest any thing for his recovery. All the officers were profoundly ignorant of farriery; but when the application was made to Jack, he desired to see the horse, and with great gravity began to feel his pulse, by passing his hand within the animal's fore-leg, which gave the Tartars a very high idea of his ingenuity. Finding the animal was in a high fever, he proposed to the Khan to let him blood, which he had

learned to do very dexterously in England. He obtained permission to do as he pleased, and having by great good luck a lancet with him, he let him blood in the neck. After this operation, he



covered him up, and gave him a warm potion made out of such ingredients as he could procure upon the spot, and left him quiet. In a few hours the horse began to mend, and, to the great joy of the Khan, perfectly recovered in a few days. This cure,

so opportunely performed, raised the reputation of Jack so high, that every body came to consult him about their horses, and in a short time he was the universal farrier of the tribe. The Khan himself conceived so great an affection for him, that he gave him an excellen^t horse to ride upon, and attend him in his hunting parties; and Jack, who excelled in the art of horsemanship, managed him so well, as to gain the esteem of the whole nation.

The Tartars, though they are excellent horsemen, have no idea of managing their horses, unless by violence; but Jack in a short time, by continual care and attention, made his horse so docile and obedient to every motion of his hand and leg, that the Tartars themselves would gaze upon him with admiration, and allow themselves to be outdone. Not contented with this, he procured some iron, and made his horse shoes in the European taste; this also was

matter of astonishment to all the Tartars, who are accustomed to ride their horses unshod. He next observed that the Tartar saddles were all prodigiously large and heavy, raising the horseman up to a great distance from the back of his horse. Jack set himself to work, and was not long before he had completed something like an English hunting saddle, on which he paraded before the Khan. All mankind seem to have a passion for novelty; and the Khan was so delighted with this effort of Jack's ingenuity, that, after paying him the highest compliments, he intimated a desire of having such a saddle for himself. Jack was the most obliging creature in the world, and spared no labour to serve his friends; he went to work again, and in a short time completed a saddle still more elegant for the Khan. These exertions gained him the favour and esteem both of the Khan and all the tribe; so that Jack was an universal

favourite, and loaded with presents, while all the rest of the officers, who had never learned to make a saddle or a horse-shoe, were treated with contempt and indifference. Jack, indeed, behaved with the greatest generosity to his countrymen, and divided with them all the mutton and venison which were given him ; but he could not help sometimes observing, that it was a great pity they had not learned to make a horse-shoe, instead of dancing and dressing hair.

And now an ambassador arrived from the English settlements, with an account that all the conditions of the treaty had been performed, and demanding the restitution of the prisoners. The Tartar chief was too much a man of honour to delay an instant, and they were all restored ; but before they set out, Jack laboured with indefatigable zeal to finish a couple of saddles, and a dozen horse-shoes, which he presented to the Khan,

with many expressions of gratitude. The Khan was charmed with this proof of his affection, and in return made him a present of a couple of fine horses, and several valuable skins of beasts. Jack arrived without any accident at the English settlements, and selling his skins and horses, found himself in possession of a moderate sum of money. He now began to have a desire to return to England; and one of the officers, who had often been obliged to him during his captivity, procured him a discharge. He embarked, therefore, with all his property, on board a ship which was returning home, and in a few months was safely landed at Plymouth.

But Jack was too active and too prudent to give himself up to idleness. After considering various schemes of business, he determined to take up his old trade of manufacturing iron; and for that purpose made a journey into the North, and

found his old master alive, and as active as ever. His master, who had always entertained an esteem for Jack, welcomed him with great affection, and being in want of a foreman, he engaged him at very handsome wages for that place. Jack was now indefatigable in filling his new office: inflexibly honest where the interests of his master were concerned, and at the same time humane and obliging to the men who were under him, he gained the affection of all about him. In a few years his master was so thoroughly convinced of his merit, that growing old himself, he took Jack into partnership, and committed the management of the whole business to his care. He continued to exert the same qualities now which he had done before, by which means he improved the business so much, as to gain a considerable fortune, and become one of the most respectable manufacturers in the country. But, with all his prosperity, he never discovered the

least pride or haughtiness; on the contrary, he employed part of his fortune to purchase the moor where he had formerly lived, and built himself a small but convenient house, upon the very spot where his daddy's hut had formerly stood. Hither he would sometimes retire from business, and cultivate his garden with his own hands, for he hated idleness. To all his poor neighbours he was



kind and liberal, relieving them in their distress, and often entertaining

them at his house, where he used to dine with them, with the greatest affability, and frequently relate his own story, in order to prove that it is of very little consequence how a man comes into the world, provided he behaves well, and discharges his duty when he is in it.

We have thus brought Jack to an end of his toils and misfortunes ; and there is every reason to suppose that his happiness was lasting, for it was deserved. Throughout all his misfortunes, after he had reached man's estate, he manifested a cheerful trust and confidence in the support and protection of Providence, and never gave way to murmurings or useless complainings. It may be observed that all his early mishaps arose from an ungovernable temper : but that when time and experience had moderated his temper, things went well with him, and even matters, at first sight unfortunate, turned out advantageously. It was with him, as it

will be with every one; a violent disposition, prone to anger, and unwilling to listen to reason, always brings a man into misfortunes; for it is not only unreasonable but unchristian. An useful lesson may be thus learned from the HISTORY OF LITTLE JACK; if our conduct be sober and honest, if we firmly and steadily persevere, without yielding to weakness and lamentation, and, above all, if we place our trust in God's Mercy through our Blessed Redeemer, and endeavour to discover and perform his will, we are *likely* to obtain a comfortable condition here, *certain* of enjoying a good conscience in the present life, and may entertain the best founded hopes of perfect happiness in the future.



THE
HISTORY
OF
WILLIAM.

MRS. MURPHY, with her little boy, William, set off in the stage-coach for the South of Ireland. She had once seen days of happiness and plenty; but she had disobliged all her family by marrying, and when her husband died, she had no means of subsistence but by her industry. She was going to take care of children at a school in the South, the Schoolmaster having promised to give William his education, and herself her board, with ten pounds a year.

They travelled by night; and, in going down a steep hill violently, the

coach overset. It was some time before any assistance could be obtained; the night was stormy, there was no moon, and it was the depth of winter. The only inside passengers were Mrs. Murphy and her little boy. William was awakened, by the fall of the coach, out of his sleep, and began to cry sadly. He did not, indeed, know where he was; and when persons came to take them out, his mother did not answer. Alas! she never answered more; for a blow received upon her temple killed her.

The people conveyed her to the first house, which was a mile off, and poor little William walked after.

You, children, who read this story, and are happy with your beloved parents, perhaps now by the fireside, and are never permitted to go out in the cold evenings, think what a situation it was for little William to be in!

He had never before been out all night, any more than you: he hears

his dear mamma, his only friend, is dead ; strange men are carrying her, he does not know where ; and he is ordered to follow them, in the wind, the rain, and the cold. His little heart was ready to burst with sorrow. The coachman bid him not make such a noise, and walk faster ; threatening, dark as it was, to leave him in the road alone, if he did not make more haste.

When they came to the house, an old woman opened the door, and seeing the lady with the marks of death in her face, she trembled with fear. The sight of William, a child of seven years old, showing all the distress of which he was capable, moved her with great compassion. She soon found it was his mother who was killed, and that nobody knew him.

God never leaves any of his creatures in affliction long, without somebody to comfort them ; and this old woman soothed little William, and put him into her own bed, where in five

minutes he sobbed himself to sleep. She then went to call a surgeon, in the midst of this rainy night; for the coachman would not stir on such an errand, saying he had enough to do with his horses: and glad enough he was to leave the place in the old woman's absence, lest he should be called to account for his carelessness.

Boys, who are very apt to mock and laugh at old women, ought to remember, that if any accident or affliction befalls them, there are no people in the world so kind to them.

Indeed their grand-mammas and nurses are, on all occasions, their tenderest friends; therefore, it is particularly ungrateful to make a jest of them.

But perhaps some of them will say, they never laugh at their nurses and grand-mammas, only at the old women in the street, whom they do not know.

But is not this as wicked? Probably it is more so; for these aged persons,

who are strangers to them, may have no grand-child or friend to comfort them, when they go back to their home, after having been hooted at, and ill-treated in the street, for no cause but being old and too feeble to punish this wanton cruelty.

When the surgeon came, and had examined Mrs. Murphy, he found all human help was vain : she was quite dead, and her poor little child was left to the humanity of strangers.

The good old woman awoke her son, who was a carpenter, and with whom she lived, telling him there was a dead lady in the house, killed in the stage coach, and a little boy. " And what is to be done with them ?" said the carpenter. " Why, the lady is to be buried, to be sure," replies the old woman, " as soon as the coroner's inquest has sat upon her body ; but, as to the poor child, I know not what we can do with him, as he does not know where he was going, or to whom he belongs ; and 'tis a sweet boy, for he

is full of grief for his mother, young as he is, and full of thankfulness to me.—I warrant he is a gentleman's child, if one could but find it out." "Perhaps," says the carpenter, "there may be papers in the lady's pocket, to give us some account of him. We ought to search, for we have little enough to live upon, these hard times, without taking in orphans."

"However, son," cries the old woman, "we must not cast them out; and when we have witnesses, we will search the lady, but not before; because no one can tell what ill-natured people may say of honest folks: and I can now take my oath, I have never examined her pockets; nor will I look into them till the coroner comes."

The coroner, my little readers, is an officer of the crown, who, assisted by twelve men, called a *jury*, inquires into all unnatural and sudden deaths. It is one of our excellent laws, and is the means of finding out murder, and

clearing up innocence, wherever there is the least suspicion of the person having been killed : and by bringing the cause of his death before the public eye, it proves that every man's life is considered precious in society ; for the coroner's inquest makes no distinction between rich and poor in its examination.

When the examination took place, however, nothing was found but a purse, containing a bank note for ten pounds, and three guineas ; no letter, nor any thing that could lead to a knowledge of the deceased ; and all the child knew was, that his mother (who had taken another name) was called Mrs. Wray, and that the picture tied round her neck was the likeness of his grand-papa. It now became necessary to provide for the interment of the body ; a decent funeral was provided, and mourning for William.

The next question was how to dispose of the child. Mrs. Brown (for

this was the name of the old woman,) said that Providence had brought him to her house, and that she would not turn him out among strangers. To this the carpenter agreed. He had no doubt that such a child must be discovered by his friends, who would, no doubt, repay them for their trouble. At any rate, they had three guineas of his money, which would maintain him some time; and when it was gone, he should not be turned out till they could find him a better place; and if they could not, he would teach him to work at his trade.

“Aye,” says the old woman, “and we should prosper more than ever we did, for such charity; which is but our duty, after all; for, if we were in such a plight, it is no more than we should wish others to do for us. And then, how much better would it be, to have an orderly child in the house, than that saucy Dicky Taylor, whom you are obliged to employ every now and then, though he is so impudent to

you, and is my torment besides : and I dare say this dear orphan would like to be employed, instead of being idle."

William declared that his mother never let him be idle ; and he hated to sit still ; and she always taught him that sloth was a shame. So he used to bring up her things from the kitchen, and rub the tables ; but that was all he could do, except read, and say hymns by heart. " I have a great mind, son," said the old woman, " to take him to our good landlord, who may put us in a way to find out his friends ; and if he should take a fancy to him himself, (though Heaven knows, I do not want to part with such a child,) it may be the making of his fortune."

Little William had the most grateful heart ; he had, already, an affection for this kind old woman, and the thought of being placed with another person affected him strongly. He burst out a crying, and begged of her

not to send him away till his money was all gone, as he would work every day, and do every thing she bid him.

“ Dear child,” said she, “ if I was a lady I would never part with you; but I do not like you to remain in our poor low station, if I can get you a better house and a better friend! However, you shall only walk with me to the park, and come back again.”

She took care to give him a good breakfast of milk-porridge before they set off, and strove to divert his attention all the way; but his grief often was so great, it was no easy matter to console him. He asked a thousand questions about his mother; if she was put in a coffin and buried in the church-yard; wished he could only once see her again; and his tender concern, and helpless situation, endeared him more to the benevolent poor woman than she knew how to express.

When they arrived at the Park, where the Landord lived, he was from

home ; but his wife, who was a fine lady, happened to be within, and hearing it was Mrs. Brown, she bid her wait till she was dressed. In about an hour, she sent for her into the parlour, and hearing the melancholy tale, and seeing William, (who clung to Mrs. Brown all the while,) she told her, that she must send him to the work-house, and advertise him in the papers.

“ Lack-a-day!” cries Mrs. Brown, “ I would sooner starve myself than send him to the work-house, Madam. The poor child has no friend in the world but me, and I would not cast him off for a hundred pounds.”

“ Oh,” answers the lady, “ if you knew so well what to do with him, you need not have come hither to inquire.”

“ Madam,” says Mrs. Brown, “ I only came to crave the squire’s advice, because he is a pitiful gentleman ; and the poor child seems used to better fare than we can afford, and”—“ Well,

that is enough, good woman," interrupted the lady, "if you will not send the boy to the work-house you will not take advice, and need not have come so far to have asked it." So saying, she rang the bell, and Mrs. Brown was dismissed from her presence.

Little William, happily, was not of an age to feel mortifications. He did not understand what was meant by work-house, only that it was to take him away from Mrs. Brown; and, as she promised he should not be removed, he did not fear it: for it is the nature of innocence to believe. He thought, indeed, that the lady spoke roughly to them, and was glad when they got away.

Poor Mrs. Brown was much disheartened; for she had hoped the sight of William would interest everybody, as much as herself; and though she well knew the lady was said to be very proud in the neighbourhood, she little thought she should have been, as it were, turned out. As

soon as she came home she told her son all about it; and concluded with declaring, she would rather have her own poor pocket, than the hard heart of the squire's wife, with all her finery.

William desired to have something to do immediately; so the carpenter took him into his work-shop, and set him to bring the hammer and nails, divers implements and tools, and shewed him how to use them by turns. The child happened to have a turn for mechanics, and the carpenter was surprised to see how handy he was, as well as willing; whilst employment kept him from fretting, and amused him better than play. Before the day was out, Dicky Taylor called, to know if he was wanted. "No," says Mrs. Brown, "or I warrant you would not have been here." Dicky, seeing another little boy in the shop, thought he might find a playfellow; so he walks in without further ceremony, and begins to talk to William,

who remembered Mrs. Brown had called him a saucy boy, and did not care to have any thing to do with him. "If you will let off a squib," says Dicky, "I will give you one; and it will frighten old Mrs. Brown finely, and make sport for us."

"I should be ashamed of myself," answers the good little William, "to frighten anybody, much less such a good person as she is; and I do not like such sport."

"Hey-day!" cries Dicky, "where have you lived? You are a paltry, mean-spirited one, I see, and afraid of a squib yourself, I would swear." William had never been accustomed to keep company with ill-behaved boys; and Dicky was so like those boys, whom his poor mother used to warn him never to speak with, that he turned shortly away, and made no answer. But Dicky, no ways rebuffed, followed him: "Harkye," says he, "are you come to work in this shop?" "That is no business of yours,"

replies William. "Aye, but it is," cries Dicky, "for you have got my place."

Mrs. Brown, seeing Dicky still in the shop, and talking to William, desired to know what he had to say.

"He says," answers William, "that I have got his place here."

"His place, indeed!" replied Mrs. Brown, "he will never remain in any place, by his behaviour, but the stocks; and I have a great mind to have him put in to-day. You ducked my poor cat in the pond, the last time you were employed; and, if I ever see your face again unless you are sent for, depend on it, I will make complaints."

Hereupon Dicky was glad to skip off. Mischief was his delight; and though he was never known to steal or swear, he contrived to plague all the poor people in the parish by his tricks; and as he did not dread any thing so much as confinement, Mrs. Brown could not have found a better method to get rid of him.

Three days had now passed, in which William had performed every thing he was bid to do, in the best manner he was able. Often, indeed, in the midst of his occupations, and in the midst of his meals, he would weep for his mother ; but the tenderness of Mrs. Brown soon made him dry up his tears again : for it is the great privilege of childhood, in all misfortunes, *soon* to be comforted. Every night, before he went to bed, she heard him read ; and her son was as much astonished as herself at his audible manner in speaking, and told him he would make as good a little clerk as a carpenter.

Mrs. Brown kept a Sunday-school at her house, and the kind persons who charitably supported it had made her the mistress, as being the best scholar of any poor person in the parish, and blest with a good understanding besides. “ This child will be a treasure to me,” cries Mrs. Brown ; “ he is a better assistant than our head boy. Providence

has cast him in our way, and he may prove the comfort of our lives."

"Aye," says her son, "if we had but enough to keep him; though I do not begrudge him the little he wants, nor his house-room: but it is a sad pity, if he has any friends, that they should not know all this time what is become of him." "Perhaps," said Mrs. Brown, "one might find it out by the picture hung about the poor lady's neck, if William can but tell us who it is."

She called him and inquired; but William, who only knew that it was his grand-papa, said he had never seen him, and that when he used to ask his mother if she would ever take him with her to his house, she always cried, and bid him not ask any more questions. He remembered hearing of an aunt; but could give no account of the place where she lived, or of her name. She, or somebody, had behaved ill to his poor father; but he could not tell much about that

neither. He believed that his father lived in a large house, with a garden, and he remembered a pond with swans in it; but it was a great while ago, for his mother had only two rooms up stairs, a long while, and that was in a small house near a great square.

“Well,” says the carpenter, “if I can earn money enough, next week, to advertise the child in the papers, we may try to find out some of his friends.” “Oh,” says William, “I am sure I have no friends, because my mamma told me we had none but God, and that He would be kinder to us than all our relations.” “Did she work for her bread?” says Mrs. Brown. “She took in needle-work sometimes, to pay for the lodgings, and never ran in debt.” The carpenter observed, that if the wicked coachman had not gone off with the box, some information might have been gained; and Mrs. Brown and he agreed to wait with patience, and act with kindness, and take all pos-

sible care of the good little William. When Sunday came, the poor children of the parish assembled at the school, (it was in the carpenter's work-shop,) where Mrs. Brown went to meet them, with William in her hand, who was mightily pleased to think he was to hear boys bigger than himself read their lessons to him, and repeat their catechism.

He was seated on a high form, and performed his task so well, of asking the questions, and putting them in when they were out, that Mrs. Brown was as proud of her assistant as he was happy in the service. It happened to be a wet day, so that none of the ladies of the neighbourhood came to visit the Sunday-school, which was the excellent custom of that village. Mrs. Brown was much disappointed, because she hoped to have had an opportunity of showing off William and his learning before them. He went with her to hear divine service, and behaved there as well as she expected

also, and was as cheerful when the duties of the sabbath were finished, as every body is who fulfils them properly.

The boy who read next best to William in the school was James Byrne, and he used to hear the rest. He was quick at his book, and very fond of command; and his envy was so raised at seeing a stranger, and so little a boy as William, set above him, that he returned home to his mother quite miserable, and related how ill Mrs. Brown had used him, to turn him out from his place, without any fault, and set up a new boy over his head, whom she knew nothing about. His mother, being a foolish woman, pitied him; and, being very ignorant and low besides, she advised James to get William out again, saying, it was a shame to take in strangers and vagabonds, who, after all, might turn out nothing but thieves.

James Byrne had always been of an aspiring spirit ; but, as he had always been distinguished by Mrs. Brown, he had not shown any of the bad dispositions of his heart. He was of a deep designing temper, and often made cunning supply the place of superior genius.

His father, who was a gardener, frequently attended at the Park, and it came into his mind, that, if his mother would speak to the squire's lady, he might soon be reinstated in his office. Mrs. Byrne took the hint, not so much from tenderness to her son, as from opposition to Mrs. Brown, whom she did not like, because she could not help feeling that, though she might wear a better gown, she was not, in reality, so respectable as her poorer neighbour.

In the course of the week, she contrived an errand to the Park, and finding Madam, as the lady was called, in good humour, she men-

tioned her poor Jemmy's distress ; wondering how Mrs. Brown could take upon her to make changes in the school, without asking leave of the ladies who superintended it. Luckily for James Byrne, Mrs. Daly was too fond of authority to tolerate an act of disrespect to herself. She was incensed at the relation given by his mother, and protested she would go to the school the next Sunday, on purpose to let Mrs. Brown know who were her betters. Comforted by this assurance, Mrs. Byrne hastened home, with the joyful news to James ; bidding him not to be cast down for a trumpery upstart ; for that the old gossip should find she was no match for such as were used to live with gentlefolks. Mrs. Byrne had lived in two or three families as an upper servant, and was, in her own estimation, as good as any lady in the neighbourhood. Servitude, my young friends, degrades not the honest mind.

The poor can never cease to be respectable till they abandon the virtues of their own humble station, or ape the vices of people richer than themselves.

The following Sunday, William, as unsuspecting as Mrs. Brown of the mischief that was brewing against him, went again to school; and was preparing to take his former place, when he was stopped by James, who gruffly told him, "*that* business was none of *his*." William took up his book, in a manner that showed he was willing to maintain his post; James began crying, and, just at that moment, Mrs. Daly and another lady made their appearance. The former having inquired what was the matter, James, blubbering all the while, complained that Mrs. Brown had *outed* him, for a strange beggar-boy. Mrs. Daly, who, notwithstanding all her fine clothes and high notions, still wanted somewhat of the *true* gentlewoman,

declared she would have no such fuss about nothing; that, for her part, she would have people in their proper places, and not meddle with what did not concern them: then, looking scornfully at Mrs. Brown, she bid her make haste, for she had no time to throw away. Awed by her frown, poor little William fell back to the lower form; not so much hurt for himself, as for his good Mrs. Brown, for he saw a tear stand in her eye, though she hastily brushed it away. He was not, indeed, insensible to his own mortification; but he was not conscious that he deserved it; and, being free from vanity, he was not prone to peevishness or discontent. By dinner-time he forgot his chagrin, and relished Mrs. Brown's plain pudding, as well as if he had been caressed by the lady.

In the afternoon he went to hear divine service, where, for the first time, he saw the squire. Mr. Daly

was tall and thin, with a pale complexion, black sparkling eyes, and a most benignant countenance. William had expected to see a person proud and imperious, like Mrs. Daly; but he had not looked at him twice, before he felt that he had nothing to fear: and, as he looked at his son, a boy nearly of his own age, with brown curly hair, he could not help thinking how happy he must be, to have such a father. After school, the children of the village formed a circle, it being the custom of their excellent pastor to examine their progress in reading every other Sunday. Mr. Daly's son took his place with the rest; his father wishing to convince him that merit alone conferred real distinction and superiority.

In the course of the examination, William was quite pleased when it came to his turn to speak; and he repeated the answer to his question slowly and correctly, and with such proper em-

phasis, that the examiner smiled as he said, "Very well, indeed." Master Daly, when it came to his turn, was unable to answer the questions; William, from an involuntary impulse of good-nature, prompted him, and the Examiner observing this, desired he would repeat the whole passage.—William obeyed.—The Examiner, turning to Mr. Daly's son, exclaimed: "There, Charles, is a boy no older than yourself." Master Daly coloured, and hung down his head; whilst Mrs. Brown, casting an affectionate look at William, secretly blessed the good gentleman, who had kindly noticed a poor orphan. After this exercise, the children read two chapters in the Bible, in which William took his part with the other children, and still acquitted himself the best; and, when the Examiner came to distribute the books which were regularly presented to the little assembly according to their deserts, the first he

distinguished was William. "What is your name, my good lad? you are a new comer?" "My name is William, Sir." "That name you received from your godfather; but I am not now asking you the catechism: what was your father's name?" "I cannot tell; I never saw his grave," said the child, who had observed, in the church-yard, the names engraven on the tombstones, and had a confused idea that his father's also would be there. "This poor boy's mother, Sir," cried Mrs. Brown, "was called Mrs. Wray: he is nothing but an orphan, and has no friends but Providence, and Providence is good to all." "If he continue such as he appears to be," returned the Examiner, "he can never want friends. Here, William, is something to make you remember my name, though you should forget your own." Saying this, he put into his hand a Queen Anne's six-pence. William was not even so much pleased

with the gift, as with the smile that accompanied it. His eyes danced; his heart beat with delight; the squire appeared to him more than human; and, in passing through the church-yard, thinking of the miracle of raising the dead, he asked Mrs. Brown, if that Gentleman could not call his mother from the grave, as she had been buried but two weeks. "Poor child," replied Mrs. Brown, "when a corpse is committed to the grave, all the power of man cannot restore it, for he has no such power: God *alone* can raise the dead." William walked sadly on, whilst Mrs. Brown revolved a plan for recommending him to Mr. Daly's protection. The next day chance seemed to supply the very opportunity she wished. Her son received a summons from the Park, where he was wanted to put up hanging shelves in a small room, built in the garden originally as a summer-house, which was now

to be converted to a general repository for shells, beautiful stones, seeds, and other curiosities. Away went the carpenter, promising his mother to mention William; but, no sooner was he gone, than the good woman, knowing the timid caution of his temper, contrived an errand to send William after; not doubting that his innocent countenance would plead in his behalf. The carpenter was really good-natured and humane; he did not forget his promise, and was just preparing to fulfil it, when the entrance of Mrs. Daly completely put it out of his head. He soon saw that madam was excessively out of humour, which she was at no pains to keep to herself. She began wondering why Mr. Daly would have the summer-house fitted up in the winter; declared she would never like the place, because his father had died in it; and concluded by kindly wishing, that whatever he deposited there might be stolen.

Neither disconcerted nor discomposed, her husband quietly continued giving directions; and Mrs. Daly, tired of talking to so little purpose, was just leaving the apartment, when, almost on tiptoe, in stole William, with a small chisel in one hand, and with his hat containing a paper full of tacks in the other. He no sooner perceived Madam, than, without knowing why, he heartily wished himself out of the house; and suddenly, in a sort of panic, dropping the chisel from one hand, in his effort to recover it he let the hat fall from the other. He hastily scrambled up the tacks, but the consequences of his inadvertence were too obvious to escape notice.

Mrs. Daly had, indeed, such eyes as nothing can miss; and her petulance was immediately directed to poor William. "So, this is the boy your old mother has taken into her house! I should have thought she had known better, than to spend her earnings and yours on vagabond children."

“ Vagabond children !” rejoined Mr. Daly. “ Yes,” returned she, “ that child dropped from the clouds. His mother, or at least a woman who passed for such, was the person killed by the late accident. Mrs. Brown, who had received the boy into her house, brought him to me to ask what she should do for him ; and because I told her she must send him to the work-house and get him advertised, she went away in a huff ; and, poor foolish body ! has lumbered herself with him ever since.” The carpenter, now meaning to vindicate his mother, said, he had always been against it ; but that she thought he must have good friends belonging to him. “ She is a very good woman,” replied Mrs. Daly, “ only she sets up her judgment against people who know better than herself : and if she chooses to be so wilful, she must even take the consequences.” The carpenter, sighing, said, “ To be sure she must :” so little

had he to suggest for his mother, when attacked by the lady. He threw a look of displeasure on William; and, observing him draw his finger over the wainscot, he surlily bid him go home; if he could find nothing better to do, he might play there. William, who had started at the beginning of this speech, might have wept at the close of it, if surprise had not suspended every other sensation. At the moment that he was rebuked for drawing his hand over the wainscot, he was examining a crevice in the panel; and, on applying to it his forefinger, it suddenly slid back, and discovered a recess, in which stood a small cedar cabinet. Mrs. Daly screamed with amazement; her husband's eyes were rivetted on the spot, and the carpenter looking round, began scolding William. Mr. Daly now hastily removed the cabinet; which, on being opened, he found to contain several papers, in his father's handwriting.

He immediately withdrew, too much affected to speak: Mrs. Daly followed, burning with curiosity to learn the contents. William was already in the garden, making the best of his way home; and the carpenter, finding he was to receive no further orders, returned to the cottage. His mother, busily occupied in preparing his humble meal, had drawn the table close to the fire, and placed a chair for her son, in the warmest corner.

The moment he appeared, she observed vexation in his countenance; and tenderly enquired what was the matter. "Matter enough," said he; "you have nettled madam at the manor-house; and I may lose my jobs by it: and all for a foundling, as you may say, that we know nothing about." "Madam has a son of her own," replied his mother; "I wonder she has not more compassion for one without friends." "Why, it stands to reason,

mother, that we cannot keep him: and what would become of him, if we could?" "Sufficient to the day is the evil thereof: the widow of Sareptha's cruse did not fail." "Ah mother! things were different in those old times; but now-a-days, when a man must work for his bread; and a widow, if she has nothing to help herself with must come to the poorhouse; it behoves one to take care of one's-self. Charity begins at home." Mrs. Brown was some moments silent. "So then," she at length rejoined: "so, you would send him to the poor house; "I do not say so; there is Mr. Carty's manufactory not far off; if he were to stay there three or four years, he would be big enough to earn his livelihood with me." "We will think of it," returned the good old woman; "but now, at least, let us eat our morsel in comfort." She then called William from the workshop; and the carpenter, pleased to find his mother so reasonable, resumed his kindness to

William. As to Mrs. Brown, she seemed to think she could not be bountiful enough. "Poor child," thought she, as she helped his plate, "as long as he is with me, he shall not know want:" and her eyes filled with tears at the reflection, that he would so soon be among strangers; for she was now resolved to urge her son no further on the subject. She considered that she might unintentionally injure the boy she wished to befriend; and that the kindest service she could really offer him was, to enable him to provide for himself.

The next morning proving fine, she took William with her to Mr. Carty's manufactory. Mr. Carty was a rich clothier, who employed almost all the poor in the neighbourhood; of these, women and children were the most numerous, some of whom earned from three to six shillings a week; and such as had no home to receive them, were boarded by one of his

female artisans, who had a small house near the manufactory.

Having three miles to walk, Mrs. Brown and William beguiled the time with such conversation as they could. He had read but few books, his mother not being rich enough to treat him with those little entertaining volumes which many children throw by, half read, without having derived from them either information or amusement. To William on the contrary, a book was a treasure that he never thought he prized enough. Since his residence with Mrs. Brown, very few books had been within his reach: but of these he had read so much, that he was familiar with all the histories in them. His simple questions affected the good old Dame so much, that she could not speak for tears. She fancied she was conducting William to a sort of sacrifice in Mr. Carty's manufactory.

By this time, they came in sight of a handsome brick edifice, which stood

in a meadow, and which was nearly covered with various kinds of cloths spread out to dry and bleach; these were turned by the women and children of the manufactory. William saw, with surprise, the number of pulleys and weights on the outside of the building, which were connected with the machinery used within. On his entrance, he was almost stunned with the cracking of wheels, the boom-like sound of the loom, and with the hissing noise reverberated through the apartments; but he was amazed to see with what diligence, order, and alacrity all the operations of business were conducted: and what most astonished him, was the sight of children, no bigger than himself, holding the threads, and changing the bobbins suspended from the pegs, with assiduous attention. William was delighted with the novelty and variety of the scene: he thought he could never satisfy himself with gazing on the curious objects before him, and exam-

ining the beauty, neatness, and diversity of their arrangement. Whilst William was contemplating the wonders of the manufactory, Mrs. Brown was engaged with Mr. Carty, to whom she related the history of her little companion. Mr. Carty was a man of indefatigable spirit and activity: his figure, short and thick, was in perpetual motion. He moved from room to room with the velocity of one of his machines; never stayed two minutes in the same spot; never remained two moments in the same position: his eyes were blinking with vigilance, he spoke with rapidity, and listened with impatience. Before Mrs. Brown had gone half way through her story, he tapped William on the shoulder, bid him be a good boy, and he would make him his first hand. William, who, till this moment, had entertained no suspicion of this destiny, burst into tears, and earnestly besought Mrs. Brown not to leave him. "No, no; we will not keep you now," said Mr.

Carty ; come again on Monday next, and here is something for your fairing to-morrow." So saying he gave him a tenpenny piece ; and then, without waiting for an answer, hastened to another apartment.

In the walk home, Mrs. Brown endeavoured to reconcile William to his new prospects ; and she so far succeeded in banishing his gloom, that he asked what Mr. Carty meant by to-morrow's fairing. The Dame told him there was to be a fair at a little place, about one mile from the village ; which was attended by all the people in the neighbourhood.

Most of my little readers, have, perhaps, been once at least partakers of that scene of noisy festivity, a *fair* : to William, however, it was wholly new ; and so strongly was his curiosity excited, that he almost forgot Mr. Carty's manufactory, in the anticipation of enjoyment. The morrow came ; and William repaired, with his kind friend, to the fair ; where, for

a time, he was much entertained with the gaudy decorations of the booths, the jingling of bells, the rattling of Punch, and his puppets, and other varieties of childish amusements; but what pleased him most was a book-stall, where he was turning over the history of Sandford and Merton, when Master Daly came to purchase a pocket-book. He took no notice of William who stood quietly by his side, till he was called away by Mrs. Brown, who enquired what he meant to do with Mr. Carty's present. William said, he had nothing to do with it; he was too little to know what to do with money. "Why then," says Mrs. Brown, "we will put it by, with the three guineas, till you are big enough to make a proper use of it; and come with me, you shall not go without a fairing. She then took him to an old woman who sold gingerbread; and whilst he was regaling upon a piece of parliament, she pointed out James Byrne who had already squandered a

shilling in toys and nicknacks. "I wonder he is not ashamed of himself, to throw away the money his parents work for," cried she; "but there, the fault is their's, that they have taught him no better."

Here she was interrupted by James Byrne himself, who said that Master Daly had done a fine job for himself: "He has lost a fine picture case for his mother, that he took, without her leave, from a cabinet." "More shame for him," said Mrs. Brown: you see what comes of disobedience and perverseness." James could not conceal the joy he felt at the untoward accident: not that it gave any advantage to himself, but that he delighted in mischief, and cared not for the sufferings of others. William, on the contrary, though he had no reason to love Master Daly, was concerned for his misfortune; and often, in the walk home, recurred to it with unaffected regret.

The fair being over, Robert again

thought of Mr. Carty's manufactory ; and Mrs. Brown passed some sleepless nights, anticipating the time of parting. When the Sunday came, she permitted not Robert to attend the school. " For why," thought she, " should James Byrne embitter the last day we are to spend together ?" James missed William, and so base is envy, repined at his absence, because he did not witness his triumph. William, meanwhile, amused himself with reading.

After the school, he went to prayers; and came out at the conclusion of the service ; leaving Dame Garth within, talking to some of her neighbours. As he was sauntering about, he met James Byrne, who having just heard of his intended removal, could not let slip such an opportunity of venting his malice. " So," said he, " you are going to turn a spinning Jenny : much good may it do you." To this rude attack, William returned no answer. " Were you ever christened ?"

“ Yes, that I was.” “ And where was your father, then?—but I dare say you do not know who he was.” “ Yes, I do,” said the little orphan; whose patience was no longer proof to such malignant persecution. “ Well, and what have you to show for it?—do you know who your grandfather was?” “ Yes, and here he is,” said William with some exultation, “ and here he is;” So saying, he drew from his pocket the miniature which had been found on his mother’s neck, and which Mrs. Browne had, for that day, permitted him to take care of, himself.

The spiteful James no sooner saw the picture, than he snatched it from his hand, and, taking to his heels, darted forth like an arrow. William ran after, as fast as he could; and both were in a moment out of sight. When Mrs. Brown came out, she looked in vain for William: supposing, however, that he was gone home, she leisurely proceeded, with two or three neighbours, through the village; but, just as

she reached the park, she beheld little William dragged between Master Daly and James Byrne, vociferating the cries of *thief! thief!* She instantly ordered them to loose their hold, "Not till he has been before Mr. Daly," said James. "No, not until he has confessed," cried Master Daly. William sobbed as if his heart would break; whilst he made convulsive efforts to escape from his conductors.

Mrs. Brown had scarcely time to ask why he was so conducted, when Mr. and Mrs. Daly approached. Charles, now quitting William, ran up to his father, exhibiting a miniature in triumph. "I have found it," cried he: "the very picture I lost at the fair, papa; but the case he still keeps, though it must be in his possession." "And how came you by that picture, Charles?" asked Mr. Daly. "From this boy, here." "No," interrupted James; "it was I that took it from him: he said as how it belonged to his grandfather; but I thought he looked like a thief."

“ I am sure you speak like a liar,” cried Mrs. Brown “ that picture was tied round his poor dear mother’s neck, when she was brought to my house ; and so I can bring people to testify.” “ This is altogether very extraordinary,” said Mr. Daly ; “ but come, William, follow me, and let us hear the story from your own lips.” Encouraged by his benignity, William wiped his eyes, and the whole group entered the porch, where Mr. Daly carefully examined the miniature. Charles eagerly exclaimed : “ Did I not say it was the very picture I lost !” “ But this he denies : it appears to have belonged to his mother.” “ Oh, I hope my word is as good as his.” “ You have not only his testimony, but that of a most respectable woman.” “ I am sure papa, I never told a lie ; I hope I am something better than a pauper, and a nobody.” “ Charles ! Charles ! how often must I rebuke that arrogance of spirit ! how often must I remind you that merit is

independent of poverty and wealth? I shall now prove to you that it is impossible this miniature should have been in your possession." "But papa, I had it at the fair; I was standing at a book-stall, and he was by me." "That very picture, with the case, I found myself, Charles; although, to punish your carelessness, I have hitherto concealed it from you."

Charles was now covered with confusion; whilst Mrs. Brown, devoutly clasping her hands together, said: "Ah! bless you, Sir, I knew you would be just and merciful; you would not be deceived, although 'the poison of asps was under their lips.'"

"And now, Charles," resumed Mr. Daly, "you have to ask pardon of this poor little orphan, for your injustice." "I am sure I meant no harm: James Byrne showed me the picture—" "And you claimed it.—You now find you have wronged him, and you refuse the only reparation in your power." "But

what have I done, Sir?" "What have you done? Is it nothing to have imputed to him a criminal action? is it nothing to have attempted to deprive him of the blessings of innocence; and to take from one, poor and unfriended, that fair fame, which is the only property he has? The difference in your situation serves but to aggravate your offence, and to render your conduct more atrocious. Go, Charles, walk round the garden; endeavour to subdue that stubborn heart; and, when you return, let me find you, not only ready to own your fault, but anxious to correct it."

Charles retired in silence: and Mr. Daly, again questioning William, obtained all the particulars known to Mrs. Brown. He appeared deeply affected; but, desiring them all to walk into the house, went himself to call his son. In a few minutes he appeared, leading in Charles; who said, he was very sorry for the past. "You

must now shake hands with that little boy, who is *your* first cousin, and *my* nephew ;—the William Murphy, of whom you have often heard me speak, and whose mother was my unfortunate sister.

“ After her marriage, she dropped my correspondence, not chusing to acknowledge her distress to her friends. My father, who had never pardoned her imprudence, would never listen to any thing I could suggest in her favor. In the first transports of resentment, he had made a will, in which all his property was alienated ; and which, being the only one discovered at his death, was that to which I legally administered ; but, in the cabinet discovered a few days ago in the summer-house, I found the draught of another will, in which he bequeathed her twelve hundred pounds ; and I shall cheerfully make over that sum immediately to William, in whom his mother’s rights are now vested. For myself, I

hope he will consider me not merely as an uncle, but as an affectionate father."

Mrs. Brown was too much oppressed with joy to speak. William was stunned with surprise, but delighted to hear Mr. Daly say he would be to him like a father. "Come, William, will you live with me and Charles?" "Yes," said the happy boy, "that I will, if you will let Mrs. Brown come and see me." "What other wish have you, William?"—"And if you would build her a nice oven, which she wants sadly; and put up a fence, to keep neighbour Walsh's pigs from her potatoe garden."

Mr. Daly was charmed with this simple effusion of gratitude, and readily promised to fulfil his wishes: his own benevolence, indeed went far beyond them; and Mrs. Brown was soon in a more comfortable situation than she had been for some years.

As William grew up, he continued to feel for her the most tender affec-

tion; and often, as she experienced his kind assiduities, she looked at her son, and said with a smile: "Did I not always say, that William was the child of Providence!"

FINIS.

